

**"THOU FOOL."**

I Cor. 15: 36.

Various inscriptions may be read on Bibles. Perhaps the strangest is one which a man put on the silver clasp of his Bible. It was this: "THOU FOOL."

The owner was a man of intelligence, but formerly of a skeptical turn of mind. He had many conversations with clergymen and others, but always stumbled at the doctrine of the resurrection. Arguments and reasonings were all lost on him. When he was met on one point he started another. However, the grace of God met him, and he was converted. To the inquiry, "What do you now think of the doctrine of the resurrection?" his reply was, "Two words from the Apostle Paul conquered me. Look at the clasp on my Bible, and see the engraving:

**"THOU FOOL."**

"There," said he, "are the words that conquered me. It was no argument, no satisfying my objections, but God convincing me that I was a fool. Thenceforward I determined that I would have my Bible clasped with these words, and never again would come to the consideration of its sacred mysteries save through their medium.

There are many ways of dealing with skeptics. Books have been written to expose their fallacies. Arguments by clever theologians have been brought to bear upon them, but often to little purpose. It would seem as if they did not wish to be convinced. In many cases it might be well to meet them with the Apostle's words, "Thou fool."

At the back of apparent anxiety for explanation of doubts and questionings, there may be seen a subtle pride of intellect. It seems a fine thing to arraign at the bar of intellect the deep sayings and doings of the Almighty. "If I only had the management, wouldn't I manage better?" P. B. Power tells of a cabby who boasted that if the Almighty had consulted him when he was making the world, he'd have shown him how to settle things better than he had done. The city missionary, however, soon shut him up:

"Well now, that's good: as if you could teach the Almighty how to govern the world, when you're always complaining that you *can't manage that old mare of yours.*"

Answer a fool according to his folly. The air is rife with proud disputations. To one and all may be said, "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast Thou formed me thus?" Rom. 9: 20. "Submit yourselves therefore to God." "Draw nigh to God,

and he will draw nigh to you." Accept with reverence and thankfulness God's offer of forgiveness through Jesus Christ his son.

To the cavilling Jews the Savior of the world replied, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, HATH everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation."—*Cheyne Brady.*

**WHERE VAN LEFT OFF.**

Van is four years old, and very proud of the fact that he can dress himself in the morning—all but the buttons "that run up and down ahind."

Van isn't enough of an acrobat yet to make his small fingers thus do duty between his shoulder blades, so he backs up to papa and gets a bit of help.

One morning Van was in a great hurry to get to some important work he had on hand, the marshalling of an army, or something of the sort, so he hurried to get into his clothes, and, of course, they bothered him because he was in a hurry and didn't take as much pains as usual. Things would get upside down and "hind side 'fore," while the way the arms and legs of these same things got mixed was dreadful to contemplate. So I am afraid it was not a very pleasant face that came to papa for the finishing touches.

"There, everything is on now!" shouted Van.

"Why, no, Van," said papa, soberly, "you haven't put everything on yet!"

Van carefully inspected his clothes, from the tips of his small toes up to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

"You haven't put your smile on yet," said papa, with the tiny wrinkles beginning to creep about his own eyes. "Put it on, Van, and I'll button it up for you!"

And, if you will believe me, Van began to put it on then and there! After that he almost always remembered that he couldn't really call himself dressed for the day until he had put a sunny face atop of the white collar and the Scotch plaid necktie.—*Youth's Companion.*

**THE HARE AND TORTOISE.**

AN OLD FABLE.

One day a hare was frisking about at play, when he found a tortoise crawling slowly along through the grass.

"What a slow creature you are!" said the Hare. "Why, I could run to that tree over there before you had taken three steps."

"That may be true," said the Tortoise, "but let us try a longer race, and see who will win."

The Hare was willing, so they asked

their friend the Fox to be the judge, because he was so fair and honest, and started on the race. The hare bounded ahead and was soon out of sight, and thought, "How foolish the Tortoise was to think he could win! Why, he is a long way behind me now, and I shall have plenty of time to stop and eat some of that nice fresh grass."

So he stopped awhile and then ran on a little farther to a spring, where he stayed a long time enjoying the cool water. Then he ran ahead again a little way, but the sun had grown very hot, and the Hare thought, "How pleasant it would be to lie down under that cool shade and rest. The Tortoise is away behind, and I shall have plenty of time." And so he lay down and went fast asleep.

And all this time the Tortoise had been plodding patiently along, looking straight ahead at the goal, and never stopping for anything.

And the sun grew hotter and hotter, and the Tortoise thought, "I should like very much to rest in some shady place. But no, I must keep on until I reach the end, and then I may rest." So on he crawled.

When the Hare awoke from his nap he jumped up quickly and said, "I will hurry and finish the race now, and will surely be there first." And when he reached the end what do you think he saw?

The Tortoise was already there and was taking his rest.—*Child's Hour.*

**RECOMPENSE.**

A beautiful anecdote is told of Wendell Phillips, illustrating his lover-like devotion to his invalid wife. At the close of a lecture engagement in a neighboring town, his friends entreated him not to return to Boston. "The last train has left," they said, "and you will be obliged to take a carriage into the city. It is a sleety November night, cold and raw; and you will have twelve miles of rough riding before you get home." To which he replied, "But at the other end of them I shall find Anne Phillips."—*Christian Leader.*

What's the fun of January?  
Bitter frosts and winds contrary?  
Snowballs flying, children shying,  
Skaters swiftest races trying,  
Snowmen standing grim and ghostly,  
Snowforts breached and battered mostly,  
Sleighbells jingling, fingers tingling,  
Icicles as long as lances,  
Diamond dust that gleams and glances,  
Ice-bound lakes and gales contrary,  
That's the fun of January.

—*Olive A. Wadsworth.*

To do one's duty generously for the love of God is a prayer.